



# My Zombie journal



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## Chapter 1 by Fredrik Rosengren

Chapter 1 - The beginning of the end

Today is the 14 th august.. I havent seen the living for two weeks now. Last time I saw them was when I encountered a boy and his dad. They were hiding in a big house in a small county I passed buy on my journey to the Marin base they talked about on my radio.

## Chapter 2 by Joakim



17th august:

We have been hunting a group living for two days now.

We saw them eating from a trashcan. They had shotguns. Twelve of us died, or become undead like we like to call it.

We have them cornered in an old house but we are too few to take them down. We have sent runners (children, they keep their living attributes the longest) to the nearest gathering. They should arrive before sunrise.

## Chapter 3 by Michael



August 16Th 2014

(Sorry in advance fur my bad speling.. this iz the 1st time ive had to write fur a while now)

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today i seen 4 zombies eatung people in halsk. they had to be haw boy such a site. i don't now how my radio got lost but

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i took this pink book of a small ded gurl a few weeks ago and fond this crayon yesterday. i luv crayons allott!!!!

i wiz pretty lonly two-day and i am hopping that i will fynd a freind to travul wif soon.

#### Chapter 4 by Michael



Saturday October 4, 2014.

My plastic Timex is still working after these many months; never would've thought that such a cheap birthday gift from my five year old daughter would give me the strength to keep moving on. Yes they're gone, my family I mean. I didn't see it happen, thank God. I came to the house and saw what was left of them.

Whoever's reading this, I'm sorry about the streaky entry, the tears won't stop.

Back in August I met Benny, he's a pretty nice guy. It took a while to convince him to use this journal. That's the guy who wrote in the crayon. He lost his crayon, that's why there was only one entry. Poor guy, I don't know what he'd be doing without me.

We went to the Marine base and Benny screwed it up. Apparently he knew one of the guys in charge, kept calling him Rabbit. A week after we settled in, Benny became obstreperous and we were forced to leave the base. Good thing that happened. Last night Benny and I were sitting on a mesa overlooking the valley (talking about building a farm) and we saw the base erupt in gunfire. An hour after it began the whole place was rocked by a series of massive explosions. Nothing atomic but the blast sent a wave of energy that we felt a few miles away.

I've been watching the base for any sign of survivors but only have been able to spot a few deaders roaming about.

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## Chapter 5 by Kitiōn



Tuesday January 27, 2015

As the months pass by there is nothing more annoying than to be stigmatized as a zombie! One moment your living life in the mainstream, and then in a blink of an eye your marginalized, and forced to wear grubby trousers with holes in the knees, and shoes that don't lace-up properly. I mean for God's sake the livings cemented perception of zombies shuffling & falling over all the time is not because of orientation problems, it's because of poor bloody access too footwear!

Please bare with me as I present my arguments against the hypocrisy of the living.

First off we don't function in a premeditated fashion concerning the rearing - preparation & consumption of meat. As zombies we do not discriminate in our choice of food, and certainly don't fool the food into being a friend just before slaughter, which we deem as being very sadistic.

As zombies we resent being treated as stupid due to our lack of dress sense. Did anybody laugh at Gandhi!

Hollywood has done little to promote us, and still insists as portraying us as all fingers & thumbs, with gibberish groans thrown in for good stereotypical measure.

Worst of all we receive no type of state support. No Employment and Support Allowance, no Unemployment Benefit, No Housing Benefit, and no Child Tax Credits. So this year we will all be abstaining from voting in the local elections, too send out a strong message!

## Chapter 6 by Michael



Benny has learned a lot these past few months! His reading and writing has improved since the crayon entries a few pages back. That last entry there was Benny (obviously his spelling is still a tad rough) going through a writing exercise where he was supposed to imagine life as one of the

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slaughtered because of his sleepwalking! He was trying to find his uncle who threw him down the stairs back when Benny was ten years old. Woke up everyone. When all was said and done, our location was compromised and a gnarled marine put his foot down. We were banished.

We made it to the coast of California before the night of the sleepwalking incident (I guess you're not supposed to wake someone or it could bring on an episode...) so now life is a little easier.

The dead still roam freely and all we once had is nothing but ashes but together we push on.

-Greg

Ps: Greg has taught me so much since we became like brothers and walk everywhere together. My favorite thing is when I get too put alot of wood on the fire during the day but not during the nite because the un-dead will see us :) . Maybe others will to. I never am to popular especially with cops and army men they act like they got a big twig up there ass!

-Benny

## Chapter 7 by intellikat



July 4, 2015

Happy Independence Day.

It's strange. I mentioned some time ago about Benny suddenly increasing in his verbal capacity. Well, with the exception of a few spelling errors here and there, his language skills are incredible. I don't know what to attribute it to. I thought myself something of an intelligent individual, but in the past weeks it is as if Benny's intelligence has grown exponentially, and continues to do so. His memory is impeccable-- he seems to philosophize about a great number of topics, and what is most strange is that he almost seems able to... receive transmissions. I know this sounds weird, but I asked him the other day where he was getting all of his knowledge

from, and he said that he sees the information travelling through the air and he simply breathes it in. I know it sounds crazy, but is it possible that the radio, TV, internet transmissions that linger? Could that blast away from the Marine base have altered his... genetics or something?

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To try and document what I am saying, I am going to ask Benny to write about the current state of modern science:

Hi Gregg! Thanx fur asking me about this important topic. I am most certunly a Platonist. I am happy with many of my contemporarays being positivists, but I think that the crooshul point here is, rather, that I am a realist. Also, if one cumpares my debating of such with the famous debate of Bohr and Einstein, manny years ago, I should think that my uponents play the role of Bohr, whereas I play Einstein's roll! For Einstein argooed that there should exist something like a reele world, not necesurily representyd by a wave function, whereas Bohr stressed that the wave function duzn't describe a "reel" mikroworld but only "knowledge" that is useful for makking predychuns.

You see? It's remarkable and also unnerving. The spelling mistakes are rather curious... as if he is reverting to Shakespearean English, or creating his own leetspeak or something. I don't know. I am glad, at least, that I have time to ruminate on such things as this.

Tomorrow, we investigate what looks to be a beached tanker on the shore. Provisions are beginning to run low so it would be fortuitous if this one weren't picked wholly clean.

## Chapter 8 by intellikat



July 5, 2015

Gregg iz ded

the end

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